



1999

Square Roots

Stephen Schoon

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Recommended Citation

Schoon, Stephen (1999) "Square Roots," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 2 , Article 12.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol2/iss1/12>

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Keywords

Poetry

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Square Roots

“Last night I had a dream.
It felt so real.
It wasn't what it seemed.
It tried to heal.

I'll recall it for you now
As best I can.
Then tell me what to do
Please, Wisdom Man?

A tree that had grown for 48 years
Was struck by lightning and left me in tears.
It gave me shade when the sun was strong
And a place to sleep all the night long.
Its roots ran deep, its foundation firm,
A perfect home for your proverbial worm.
I saw a hopeful future 'neath this tree.
I never wondered what it would be
Because under its bows where I stood
I saw no evil ... only good.

Below cloud cover tranquility reigned,
But above the heavens lightning rained.
It cut through the sky, leaving me blind.
It touched down beside me, searing my mind.
Shiv'ring with fear I stood up to see
A blackened stump smoking beside me.
All that remained was found in the earth,
Beneath the scorched grass – mem'ries of worth.
After digging I stood with soiled boots
Perched upon what I saw to be square roots.”

*“To protect and give shade
Till you were done.
In its bows you were made
You were its son.*

*Round roots were full of life,
Now square now dead.
No more to live in strife.
'I'm proud,' she said.”*

Allison Hume

Cinquain

The sound

Many angels

Harmonize into one

Proclaiming the arrival of

I AM